A Song of the New Plot.

To the Tune of, *Jones Placket is torn*, &c.

1.

H---d and S---y.

HAve you not lately heard
of Lords sent to the *Tower*,
Who 'gainst the Popish Plotters,
seem'd men of chiefest power:
But now they're got, into the Plot,
and all their power in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again.
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
and rent and torn in twain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again.

2.

Fitz-Harris they suppos'd
a fitting Instrument,
The Duke, and Queen, and King
himself to circumvent:
But now he's hang'd, and all his Gang
will follow the same strain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

3.

The *Joyner* he did march
to *Oxford* to be Try'd,
Where he did find a Jury,
who were not Whiggify'd:
And for his *Joyning* in the Plot,
a Halter he did gain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

4.

As Celle he declar'd in my Lord Stafford's Tryal.

They say that Mr. *Dugdale*,
so honest and so true,
Is one of the King's Evidence,
against this wicked Crew:
And now they aim, him to defame,
but all will be in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

5.

The crafty *Sh*——*y*,
is caught in his own Snare,
H' has hired many Rogues,
themselves for to forswear:
And now undone, with *Hetherington*,
and all his hired Train,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

6.

The Duke and Queen falsly accused by *Fitz-Harris*.

Thus Innocence we see
begins for to appear,
Since Rogues for want of Pardons,
the Truth are fain to swear:
Had it been so, some years ago,
we'd hit on the right vein,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

A

DIALOGUE

Between

Mrs. *Celier* and the L. *S*---*y*.

Cel. S——y, *what's become of the Plot?*
Sh. I wou'd thou wert hang'd, and it forgot:
But if I once come out of the *Tower*,
I'le Plot as much as I did before.

Cel. S——y, *what's become of the Plot?*
Sh. I now am prov'd a Trayterous Sot,
For raising men to take the King, (bring.
And him to the Block with his Father

Cel. S——y, *what's become of the Plot?*
Sh. Fitz-Harris like an *Irish* Sot,
Has me betray'd, and *H*——*d* too,
And now we know not what to do.

Cel. S——y, *what's become of the Plot?*
Sh. Why we are got in, and the Papists out;
For now they have freed Sir *Stapleton*,
And I must be hang'd, and *Hetherington*.

Cel. S——y, *what's become of the Plot?*
Sh My Witnesses have got the Rot;
But if I trust such Rogues again,
Then I'le be hang'd. *Cel. Amen. Amen.*

FINIS.

1681